UNITED
NATIONS

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General Assembly
Security Council

Distr.
GENERAL

A/48/77
S/25231
3 February 1993

ORIGINAL: ENGLISH

GENERAL ASSEMBLY
Forty-eighth session
HUMAN RIGHTS QUESTIONS: HUMAN RIGHTS SITUATIONS AND REPORTS OF SPECIAL RAPPORTEURS AND REPRESENTATIVES

SECURITY COUNCIL
Forty-eighth year

Letter dated 3 February 1993 from the Chargé d'affaires a.i. of the Permanent Mission of Yugoslavia to the United Nations addressed to the Secretary-General

I have the honour to transmit herewith the depositions of Serbian women given to the State Commission for War Crimes (see annex).

I should be grateful if you would have the present letter and its annex circulated as an official document of the General Assembly, under the item entitled "Human rights questions: human rights situations and reports of special rapporteurs and representatives", and of the Security Council.

(Signed) Dragomir DJOKIC
Ambassador
Chargé d'affaires a.i.

ANNEX

Depositions of Serbian women given to the State Commission for War Crimes

STATE COMMISSION
WAR AND GENOCIDE CRIMES

January 1993

DEPOSITION MADE VOLUNTARILY BY S. V. FROM KAKANJ ON 5 JANUARY 1993

I was born in 1968 at Visoko. We moved to Kakanj in 1969. There, I finished the elementary and secondary schools. I am now a student at the Faculty of Political Science.

What I would like to say, besides this case, is that never in my life have I declared myself as a Serb. I, therefore, think that all that has been happening to me has happened because I am not a Moslem but because my name is S.

The moment the refugees began to flock to Kakanj began the exodus of the entire population from Serbian villages. Now, there is no Serbian village around Kakanj. In places where no Moslem ever lived the Moslem flag is now flying.

In early August, a Serbian village 10 km from Kakanj was burned, they then went to other surrounding villages and gave the villagers a deadline to leave a day or two. So, one day, my granny's neighbour came over and drove my granny away, since she was expelled. My granny is old and sick; she has a serious heart condition. She took nothing with her.

The following day, in mid-August, I went to her house to fetch medicines and clothes. As I approached the village of Rascevina, I saw many unknown and armed people. I did not pay much attention to that. I believed that nothing could happen, although we had the information that they slaughtered two people near Kakanj in those days.

I entered my granny's house and took the things I wanted. I stayed an hour and a half in the house. Two men entered the house; they did not wear uniforms; one of them wore a camouflage blouse or jacket and as he put on the shirt I saw an emblem with blue lilies on it; the same emblem was on his hat. The other one wore a civilian green uniform. They came in and asked me who I was and what I was doing there. I told them that it was my granny's house and that I came to take her clothes. I also told them that I wanted to take her pills since she had a serious heart condition. They told me that I was not allowed to take the pills, that they would expel all Serbs, that Serbs were to blame for all the troubles, they cursed my Cetnik mother. After that, I told them: "Stay where you are, I will get the things and return to Kakanj." They told me that I was not allowed to leave the house since they needed me. I thought they were joking. I tried to talk with them, to tell them what I my convictions were. My brother was in the Patriotic League. We continued to live side by side with other nations and

/...

I tried to explain to them that we had friends in the leadership of the territorial defence. Then I told them that my family would be looking for me, that they were expecting me to come back. But it was to no avail. However, I still hoped that they would let me go. But they locked the door. They did not let me go out. They had some canned food. They told me to prepare lunch for them and I consented. While we ate, I tried to talk to them again. In the evening, around 8 p.m., there was no electricity; it was time to go to bed. One of them said: "You are going to sleep with me." I begged him, I began to scream and cry. He slapped me twice and took me to my granny's room. I begged him to let me go. He told me it was no use for me to cry. He grabbed me shoulder and pushed me onto the bed. He told me to take off my clothes. I curled up and refused to do so. He grabbed my shirt with one hand and tore off the buttons. He took off all my clothes. Then he did what he wanted to do. At one moment, he began to kiss my face, but I had long nails and scratched his face so that it began to bleed. He paid no attention to that. When he finished, he told me he would keep me there. He told me I could go and wash my face. Granny had no bathroom. They fetched water and chopped wood. I washed my face, took a bath and returned to the room; he came to the room no more. When I got up, he told me again to prepare something for them to eat. Then they went out, locked the door, closed the window shutters. I could not go out. The village is located along the railway line. On the lower part of the line, there are three houses, 400-500 metres away from each other. Some of them are very close to the forest so I could not see anything.

I began to scream. One of them came in and told me not to scream or else he would kill me and my entire family. He began to curse my Cetnik mother. One of them said: "If you want to save yourself and your family, you keep quiet." He prepared water, wood, food and then re-appeared. One of them left and did not show up for three days; the other one stayed and we had intercourse every evening. He did not beat me but he was very rude. He did not talk much, he only swore on occasions. As much as I could understand from their conversation, and they talked little and swore more often, they were fighting near Cekrcice and Visoko. They talked very little and one of them was always in the house, as one of them would go and the other would come back. This lasted until early September, 1 or 2 September.

Then, I began to bleed and I thought I had my period. One of them told me: "There, you are not pregnant, you may go".

I suppose that, in the meantime, my brother and friends were looking for me so that they found out who I was and wanted to let me go; so I came home. I did not dare say anything to my parents. I told them I was with a friend. I lied to them. They were suspicious, but that was how it ended.

After that, I met Fedzad Jasarspahic in Kakanj. He had been deputy head of territorial defence before the war. In August, he went to Germany and stayed there a few days. Then he returned. He occupied again some important post. I told him what had happened. He advised me not to talk about it since there were many problems, they slaughtered two people and a man died in the Medical Centre because they took too much blood from him.

I asked him whether I could go to the Medical Centre and he told me not to go there, that he would do something about it, that he would make a report. He asked me whether I was pregnant and I told him that I did not know. I told him that I was bleeding. He told me that most probably I was not pregnant and that everything would be all right. However, when I tried to contact him by phone he did not answer my calls and I was told that he had gone somewhere. I did not venture to go to the Medical Centre since it was rumoured that they did all sorts of things to Serbs there. I did not go out at all.

In the meantime, HOS (Croatian Armed Forces) members came over to my father asking him to let them the apartment and that they would pay the rent. They promised to take me out of Kakanj, since I confided to them what the problem was and that I wanted to solve this tragedy of mine.

Croats took out almost all Serbs from Kakanj. Only one or two hundred of them remained. One evening they said: "Get ready, we are leaving." This was on 4 December. At first, they wanted to go via Busovaca. We could not cross the Moslem-held territory. We went to Kraljeva Sutjeska. We stayed there two or three days. We came to Vares. We arrived there on 15 December, then we went to Nisic between Vares and Ilijas and then we crossed the Moslem-held territory near Nisic from where they returned. I spent the night at a friends' from Kakanj. I came to Pale. There, I saw Professor Serdar. He spoke with me, examined me and told me that I was five month pregnant and that they could not examine me properly

since they had no instruments and personnel. He recommended to me to go to Loznica, Sabac or Belgrade. I did not go that week but waited another seven days since I had no money. I came to Loznica on Monday. The Professor told me to see Dr Krstic so that I was there on Thursday. We agreed by phone after the conversation that I come to Belgrade.

Deposition recorded by
Milanka Balkovic
Senior Stenographer
Federal Assembly

Deposition made by
S. V.

REPUBLIC OF SERBIA
Commissioner for Refugees

DEPOSITION MADE VOLUNTARILY BY K. M. OF MOSTAR BEFORE A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE COMMISSIONER FOR REFUGEES OF THE REPUBLIC OF SERBIA

I was born on 25 October 1955 at Malo Polje, Mostar. I lived at Malo Polje, a village near Mostar. I worked as an accountant in the "Soko" Military Institute in Mostar. In April 1992 (on 11, 12 and 13 April to be exact) regulations on forced labour were introduced. I left for Mostar, Avenija 1, where my fiance, B. S., lived. In an attempt to keep my job, I stayed in Mostar when the war broke out. Already during the war one sensed intolerance and later also hatred towards Serbs. We spent our time in a cellar, listening to curses on account of Serbs. Food was scarce already at that time and could be bought only for Croatian dinars. Neighbours turned their heads, as if they didn't know you. After the withdrawal of our Army, their celebration began. They behaved as "real liberators". Shooting, shouting and cursing everywhere. That's when the real hatred began. They began to take away prominent Serbs and later on the less prominent ones as well. Real celebration, especially of Muslims, began when a Serbian church was hit by a shell. They went wild. The church was subsequently dynamited on several occasions and not even its foundations remained.

Workers of the "Soko" Military Institute were called on the radio to report for work. We went there, but Serbs were told publicly that there was no place for them in the "Soko". My colleague lectured me on genocide against Serbs. She approved of it and said that all Serbs should be rooted out. She was a Muslim married to a Croat. Others were of the same opinion.

On 13 July 1992, HOS members burst into my apartment. There were five of them. "Get ready, we are taking you for a talk," were the first words they spoke. My fiance, his father and I got ready and one of them drove us to the former military hospital. Two of them stayed behind to search the apartment, looking for pictures of St. Sava, as some of our neighbours said. They took our neighbour too, but the fact that his wife was paralysed, saved him.

The HOS members took all our personal documents, money and gold. What they did not find on us and found in the apartment they took away. The apartment was looted and a HOS member, Hamo Bošnjić, prison warden, moved in. Without interrogation, they took me to the prison to a small room, together with other 5-6 women prisoners. We were raped on our first night in prison. A girl was raped twice. Later they stopped it.

Amongst HOS members in Mostar I can name these men: Vinko Martinović, called Štela, who was their commander; his deputy was also Vinko Martinović, who later joined the Croatian Defence Council (HVO). Then Kapetanović, I don't know his first name, and Ivan Zelenika who was a kind of head in the HOS police interrogation department. They did not torture women as much as they tortured men. There were fights too, and all sorts of other things. Women worked all day, occasionally with Ustasha provocations.

I spent eight days in Mostar and my fiance was sent to Dretelj. We heard all sorts of stories about Dretelj. I was very frightened when I left. There were two hangars there; one with men and the other with women. Men were untidy and unshaven, since showers, hair-cutting and shaving were prohibited. Women somehow managed to maintain personal hygiene since there was a shortage of water. Men fetched water in 20-litre canisters. Each time they went for water they were beaten. For this reason women saved water as much as they could. And the worse you looked the better it was for you, since you attracted less attention. The chief commander was general (we called him so) Blaž Kraljević. He had with him a posse of 5-6 Ustashe. He visited inmates every day and was polite with them, but things went from bad to worse with every passing day. Probably on his orders, because he said once that he hated Serbs more than anything in the world.

The torture of men before the eyes of the women was terrible. From dawn to dawn, there was no difference between day and night, just beatings and all other forms of humiliation. We were not human beings. We were Serbs, as they said. Every day there were guards around us carrying guns. Let me name some of them: Hasan Topovan (Brada), Ahmet Matikan (Maks), Suzana from Zagorje, Zerina Šuta, Zvonko Bjeliš (Crvenkapa), the worst of them all, Srećko Erceg, prison commander, Toni Raić, Ilija Raić (the only man who didn't beat anyone), Marina and her sister Gordana. There were many more but I really can't remember them now. While I was at Dretelj, women were raped. To Dretelj as commander came Edip Buljubasic. The three days of his rule were dreadful. One night they raped women in our hanger. The door opened, a flashlight went from bed to bed. You didn't dare to look, but pretended to sleep. Ustashe (this time it was Hasan Topovan and Vinko Primorac) would kick a woman and say: "Get up." They would take her away and bring her back. About 15 minutes, and then again. A flashlight and a "Get up" again. It was repeated and the fear was enormous. Only the following day would we find out who it was. But quietly, so nobody would know. When Ustashe asked whether there were

any problems, you answered no, everything was all right. The next day I saw a man being killed with truncheons and shovels. His name was B.B.. His wife S. was there too. After killing her husband, they asked her whether she wanted to see her husband with blood coming out of each pore of his body. After that, provocations by prison guard Marina that she was going to bring his head to play ball with. Every night, a flashlight roams from prisoner to prisoner....You sweat from fear, covering yourself so as not to be noticed. It cannot be described.

On 17 September 1992 we were taken over by the HVO, who saved us. It was only at Grabovina that we were treated like human beings. And you could say you were a Serb. We stayed there for a month, recuperated and were then taken to Ljubuški. The accommodation was awful, we slept on a concrete floor with a blanket beneath us. We covered ourselves with our clothes. We stayed 5-6 days there, whereafter we were taken to Pakovo Selo for exchange. The exchange failed. From there they took us to "Lora" in Split for the night, then to Ljubuški and on 21 September to Mostar, to the Military High School at Radoč. Of our guards, I only know the name of Šnoda from Grabovina. He was good. In Mostar the food was very bad and the psychological pressure was enormous. For the first time we had a bed to sleep in. The commander in Mostar was Mile Pušić and his deputy was Josip, I don't know his surname. Also, commanders were Ljuke and Branko Jedvaj and Ante Bukovac was a guard, while Jasna Škaljić was responsible for women. In Mostar we were treated like prisoners-of-war. We were saved by the Red Cross on 30 October. Of all the personal belongings that I had as I left the prison were my shoes, trousers and a shirt. Not even an identity card. Everything was destroyed by HOS.

M.K. (Signed)

REFUBLIC OF SERBIA
Commissioner for Refugees

DEPOSITION MADE BY B.V., PRISONER OF THE DRETELJ CONCENTRATION CAMP

"I was born on 10 October 1937 at Klepci, Municipality of Capljina. I am a worker, Serb, resident of Capljina.

On 10 June 1992, HOS (Croatian Armed Forces) military policemen - Mirsad Repak and Mile Vego came into my apartment, while a third policeman stood guard at the door. As they entered it, they told me: "This is an apartment for a Moslem family." They told me to lie on the floor and fired from the pistol above my head. While I lied on the floor, they looted the apartment and took everything they liked. They took all my personal documents and money saying that I would need them no more. Having searched the apartment, they took me away with them; I was not allowed to take off my dressing gown and put on my street clothes, they said it was not necessary. Together with my neighbour B. B., a Serb, I was taken to the Dretelj camp.

When I arrived at Dretelj, a HOS member Zvonko Bjelis, aka. Crvenkapa (Little Rad Riding Hood), from Opuzen, took the gold I wore on me. Later on, he interrogated me and was one of my torturers. At Dretelj, they put me in a room behind bars, 3 by 2 metres, in which there already were other 3 captured women: O.D., a doctor, Serb, J. M., a teacher, Serb, A. V., a housewife, Serb. Every second day they brought in new prisoners, women and men alike. Men were separated from women; we saw them only when HOS members took them to work.

We were interrogated and physically tortured one by one. They hit me with truncheon on the legs and the body, slapped me, stuck needles under finger nails, burned my hear with candles, extinguished cigarette butts on my chest, cut my underwear with a knife to cut my breasts - these were all threats. I was tortured by Mirsad Repak, Zvonko Bjelis, Ivan Medic from Ljubuski; the names of others I do not know.

They also raped me that first night.

They interrogated me for 7-10 days; they also interrogated other women who were also raped and tortured. I have scars above the chest where they extinguished cigarette butts; bruises from truncheons are no more visible but my arms are still aching.

O. D., a doctor, was tortured much. She was born in Tasovcici and lived and worked in Capljina. She was brought to Dretelj on 5 May 1992. J. M. was brought on 15 May and A. V. 10 days before I was brought.

One month after we came to Dretelj, we were transferred to hangars, women and men in two separate hangars, since they brought in new prisoners every day and there was no more space in the rooms. In the hangars, the floor was concrete and the ceiling was made of beams and plywood. We slept on the floor, there was no electricity and no water, no hygienic facilities. 70 women, aged 30 to 80, were held in this hangar.

During the first 10 days after our arrival in Dretelj, they tortured me and all other women. We were interrogated and tortured separately. I was told that I was tortured because the book the "Plight of Serbs from 1941 to 1945" and the photographs of the transfer of bones from Prebilovci were found in my apartment. Because of this, they beat me till I almost dropped dead.

After 10 days, our torturers established an order of sorts and stopped raping women. But, they continued to torture us physically and mentally.

The other hangar in which men were held was not far away so that we could hear when they beat them. They tortured them during all the time of the captivity. Whole families were held in the camp: fathers, mothers, their daughters and sons.

S. B. was with me, while her husband B. B. was in the other hangar. On 2 August 1992, they beat him with tool holders from 2 p.m. to 1 a.m. the following day when he died. In the morning, Edim Buljubasic, a former JNA officer who joined HOS, came to ask S., B. B.'s wife, whether she wanted to see her husband for last time since he had died.

Women witnessed the torture of men. Occasionally, they let us leave the hangar because of the heat so that we could see them beaten with rifle butts, truncheons, stamped upon, forced to graze and eat grass. In early-August, they brought three men to our hangar: D. R., D. R. and M. B. whom they tortured and who had bruises all over their bodies. It took them three days to recover. We, women, helped them to recover as much as we could. HOS members hid them in our hangar from other men prisoners whom they told that they had shot them.

I was in Dretelj until 17 August 1992 when we were transferred to the Grebovina military prison near Mostar. There we were taken over by HVO (Croatian Defence Council) and on 15 September we were all

transferred to the Ljubuski prison (the Ustasha nest) - the biggest stronghold of Paraga's military forces. On 19 September 1992, we were taken to Pakovo Selo to be exchanged, but the exchange fell through. We spent the night between 19 and 20 September at the Lora prison in Split, women inside the building and men standing on their feet within the prison compound. The following night we slept in Ljubuski and from Ljubuski they took us on 21 September to the Radoc prison near Mostar and stayed in that prison until 30 October when we were saved by the International Red Cross which registered us on 8 September 1992 in Grebovina. I was registered under No. (for the purpose of protecting the witness whose family members are still in detention this number is withheld). We were treated in all camps as prisoners of war, not as civilians dragged out from their homes. Through the International Committee of the Red Cross, I arrived in Zelenika on 30 October. Now, I am in the refugee camp in Baosici."

In 1941, B.V. had been in the Modric Ustashi camp near Capljina. All men who had been captured were driven out and shot at Bivolje Brdo near Capljina and thrown into pits. Her brother and father had been among them. In 1990, their bones were transferred to the memorial crypt at Prebilovci, which was dynamited by the Ustashe and turned into a garbage dumpyard. In 1944, all women and children of the village of Klepci had been captured and taken to the Capljina camp. They were to be transported to the Jasenovac concentration camp. "The Germans wanted people to exchange for their dead, so that Ustashe released us in exchange for dead Germans." B.V. had survived two camps and now the third one. Her village of Klepci, inhabited by Serbs, was razed to the ground on three occasions: in 1941, 1944 and 1992.

"While I was in Dretelj in the room behind bars, they also brought in: R. Z. (housewife), G. S. (housewife), M. P. (a Moslem married to a Serb), L. M. and S. Z. (retiree). Four of us - O. D., J. M., A. V. and I - and later on the above mentioned women, were tortured the most.

Note: The statement of B.V. is signed, but at her explicit request her name is not mentioned. She does not want this statement to be made public, since her closest relatives are still detained.

(The statement is made before a representative of the Commissioner of Refugees of the Republic of Serbia)

ASSOCIATION OF SERBS FROM
BOSNIA-HERZEGOVINA
KONJIC HOMELAND CLUB
15 July 1992

HOS (CROATIAN ARMED FORCES) CRIMES AGAINST THE SERBIAN POPULATION IN BOSNIA-HERZEGOVINA (CAPLJINA) BEFORE THE OUTBREAK OF WAR IN 1992

1. Dr O.D., born in 1958, Capljina, specialist, micro-biology, resident of Capljina.

She was arrested in her apartment by HOS members on 25 April 1992. Before her transfer to the Dretelj camp, HOS members raped her every day, several of them at a time. They forced her to walk naked and threatened her that she would not die before she gave birth to "an Ustasha". They ironed her body with a hot iron. In the Dretelj camp, besides being raped, she was also tortured (they stuck metal nails under her finger nails). She tried to commit suicide. She is the mother of three minor children. The only reason for her arrest and torture was that she was a Serb.

NOTE: O. D. is now living in Visegrad. She talked publicly about rapings on Novi Sad Television, but without going into details. She said that a 65-year old woman died in the Dretelj camp as a consequence of rapings and that a girl killed herself. She was exchanged in August 1992. Her husband says that her mental condition is very bad and that she does not want to talk about the plight she went through any more.

2. J. M., born in 1946, Prebilovci, teacher, resident of Capljina. She was arrested in her apartment and taken to a tobacco warehouse in Capljina. She was tortured and raped every day. She was forced to walk naked and was presented as a "Chetnik whore". She tried to commit suicide several times. Her physical and mental condition is very bad. She was exchanged only recently, since a list of torturers of Serb women was found on her.

NOTE: The Association of Serbs from Bosnia-Herzegovina presented these two cases to the Centre for Human Rights on 15 July within the 1503 secrecy procedure.

Please provide appropriate protection for the names.

SERBIAN COUNCIL
INFORMATION CENTRE

K.S., a Serb, born on 13 May 1941 at Glamoc, made the following

DEPOSITION

In mid-May 1992 began arrests of Serbs in Bosanski Brod. Members of the Croatian military police came to Serb houses and took away Serb men and women for interrogation to the military police from where they never returned.

On 7 July 1992 at 2 p.m., Croatian MPs burst into my house and arrested me and my husband D.S. They took us to the stadium in Bosanski Brod. I was put in the ladies' room at the stadium where I found 12 Serb women, some of whom had already been there a month or two. These were S.Z. (aged about 65), M.S. (about 54) - the Croatian flag was "tattooed" on her foot since her two sons did not fight on the Croatian side - G.N. (1962), H.N., a Moslem from Kobas (about 40), R.S. (about 70) - they did not mistreat her, S.V. (about 30), S.V. (about 30), a lady by the name of Smilja from Bosanska Gradiska, I forgot her surname, who was not mistreated since she was very old. My husband was put in men's room where they had already locked up many arrested Serbs.

At night, Croatian soldiers beat men on the terraces, in the basement and in corridors, wherever they could lay their hand on them; we could hear them screaming. They were beaten by Croatian soldiers who returned from the front. During the day, they had to go to forced labour, they washed Croats' cars, dag trenches, etc.

In mid-July 1992, I do not remember the date, but fierce fighting broke out on the front then, I heard Croats kill 12 Serbs during one night. They killed them in the stadium premises, I think there were 12 of them for I heard 12 gunshots, I heard them packing them in nylon bags, starting a car and taking their bodies somewhere; when they returned, I heard a Croatian soldier say: "We sent them by the Sava River to Milosevic!". I could not sleep that night and sat on the mattress and, since a window of the room I was in faced the balcony in front of which Croatian soldiers gathered, one of them saw me and said: "She saw everything, fuck

her mother". I thought they were going to kill me that night since soldiers burst into the room and one of them said: "This one is finished". However, the head of the prison came over, I do not know his name, and told them to calm down, that "everything has its limits and you will answer me for this". Then he left the room and the soldiers followed him and no one came to see us and give us food for three days after that. I do not know the names of Serbs who were killed then.

We women were raped. Djuro and Dragan Lepen "tattooed" the Croatian national emblem in M.S.'s foot; they also beat her. They incised the flag of the Republic of Croatia with the national emblem in her sole with a knife and cut her underarm. Older women who could not have intercourse with Moslems and Croats were force to perform fellatio. 10 to 15 Croats and Moslems would enter the bathroom where we used to have a shower and raped us there. H.N., a Moslem, was carried over the wall separating women's and men's rooms since they did not have the key; when they brought her back after raping her, she was exhausted and bruised from blows. They put a pistol into her mouth, forced their hands into her vagina, put a truncheon into her mouth, beat her with everything they had. 6 or 7 Croats and Moslems took their turn on each woman. Younger women were taken between 1 a.m. and 5 a.m. to Korace, Kricanovo and Sijekovac to be raped. We were raped until we fainted, then they would revive us in the toilet and returned us all covered with blood. We were afraid of the night.

When UNPROFOR representatives came, they bundled us all into automobiles and drove us to the kayak club up the Sava River where we stayed three days until the commission departed. I was driven by Nervin, a Moslem, who had raped me. I asked Indira, who took us over in the military police, where they were taking us and she told me that they were hiding us from UNPROFOR. No one saw us.

I was exchanged on 25 August 1992 in Bosanska Gradiska. On 20 August 1992, we were all driven to the "Beograd-Tulek" Department Store warehouse. There I stayed 5 days and was exchanged on the sixth. Four men and five women were exchanged in my group. Men were brought to the warehouse only at night, while during the day they had to work on the house of a Moslem whose name I do not know.

My husband was not exchanged with me. R.M., married to a Moslem, H.N., a Moslem, who was insane and whom they raped ceaselessly, and 9 men were not exchanged and were driven back to the stadium.

On the night between 31 August and 1 September 1992, according to the story of M. Dj. from Prijavor who was with my husband at that time and who told that to my sister J.M., my husband was beaten by Croats and Moslems all day. Before that, he threw his shirt all covered with blood over to R.M. who was in the ladies' room. Having beaten him, they brought him to the room all covered with blood, the walls of the room in which MPs beat him were all red from his blood and Serbs had to wash them. He was alive when they put him in bed; then an MP entered the room and hit him on the head with a bottle but my husband gave no sign of life. After half an hour, a doctor was called in and he signed that my husband had killed himself. They put him in a tin coffin and took away.

Milorad Vukovic (aged about 60) was arrested in April 1992 and found dead by the Sava River with his hands tied to the hands of another man. He was beheaded and Croats took a photo of him to his wife Borka Vukovic to Bosanski Brod to see him.

In June 1992, the military police arrested Veljko Repija (aged about 40), a Serb, in his flat and he never returned.

Many women from Bosanski Brod were raped and tortured every night, while many Serb men disappeared without a trace.

I am again in Bosanski Brod, I have found my husband's grave. Some of the women I was with in the camp have been exchanged.

Belgrade, 7 January 1993

Deposition recorded by	Deposition made by
Ksenija Lukic	K.S.

The original deposition is kept in the documentation of the Serbian Council Information Centre, file: Rape - Northern Bosnia.

SERBIAN COUNCIL
INFORMATION CENTRE

G.Ć., a Serb, (1949), of Donje Selo near Konjic, temporary accommodated at Boračko Jezero, made the following

DEPOSITION

The Serb village of Donje Selo, where I lived with my family, was attacked by Croatian and Muslim forces on 20 May 1992. On that occasion, **Rajko Ninković** (age 45) was killed. The following day, 21 May 1992, another nearby Serb village, Bjelovčina, was also attacked and Donje Selo was shelled again. On 22 May 1992 Croatian and Muslim soldiers arrested all male inhabitants of the village and a large number of women, and took them to the Čelebići detention camp, 7 km away from Donje Selo. On that day, Croatian and Muslim soldiers set fire to 9 Serb houses, my house was burned among the first since we were fairly well-off: a house of app. 600 m2 burned down, a shop, a cafe, a building material warehouse, a gazebo 50 m2 of habitable space, farmhouses.

On 25 May 1992, a pure Serb village of Bradina was attacked and razed to the ground.

I spent these few days at my brother-in-law T.Ć.'s place, because his house was not burned yet. My husband did not surrender with its other inhabitants when Donje Selo fell to the Croatian and Muslim army, but was hiding nearby. On 27 May 1992, Ševko Nikšić, a police commander at Konjic (who had been my husband's boss), Jasmin Guska, head of the police station, Zvonimir Bella "Nono", former commander of the police station, Ibrahim Djuro, a player of the "Sarajevo" football team and some others whom I knew by sight, but I don't know their names, came to my brother-in-law's house. They burned another 4 Serb houses: my summerhouse, the house of my brother-in-law M.Ć, of O.Ć. and T.Ć. That day, 27 May 1992, Sadik Teletović, a Muslim of Konjic, killed my brother-in-law M.Ć. (1937), after he had forced him to show the cave where we would hide when armies would come.

I was arrested then together with my brother-in-law T.Ć. We were taken to the Čelebići detention camp, to former JNA barracks which the army abandoned. At the camp, I was sent to Azem Delić, a Muslim of Konjic, who was deputy camp commander. He started questioning me where my husband was and since I didn't know he started to beat me, threatening

to send me to Grude, to a Croatian detention camp for Serbs. He took me then to another room with 5 beds. We were accompanied by another Muslim from Džajić and by a Ćosić of the village of Ibar near Čelebići. Azem Delić told Ćosić to stand at the door; Džajić was lying in bed, while Azem started to take my clothes off. I thought he was going to beat me with the rod, but he raped me, he was the first to do it, and then they left. I was alone there, but soon an Albanian called "Šok" arrived; he was doing his military service in the JNA there and when the JNA withdrew he decided to stay. He also wanted to rape me. I resisted and cried, so he finally apologized and left. That night they left me alone.

I spent another night there, alone, and they didn't touch me. The third night, however, they took me to the guardhouse, in the reception room. I don't remember what time it was, but I know that many of them came in. They ordered me to undress and raped me. It was dark so I couldn't recognize any of the young men. Three of them raped me, the fourth one didn't. The fourth night they brought young Serb women from Bradina and began to take them around and rape them. While they were there, they didn't touch me.

After 22 days in the camp, they brought in M.A., a Serb girl from Ibar, and another older woman called "Kalemuša". That very night Azem Delić raped M.A. who was a virgin. She came back afterwards and said: "Oh, Lord, fuck you wherever you are". She didn't stop crying for 24 hours. Women of Bradina were released two days upon her arrival, while M.A., "Kalemuša" and I stayed. After 4 nights in the camp, "Kalemuša" was released, while the two of us remained.

After two months in the camp they came over again and told me to get out. I said I couldn't because I had a stomach ache; but Azem Delić came in and said get out or "I'll fuck your mother's face". So I had to get out; a car turned towards a military hangar 200 metres in front of me and he told "Šok", the Albanian, to take me up the hill. I cried bitterly, begging him to turn back or to stop, but he feared they would kill us. We approached the hangar with the lights on; 3 Muslim soldiers were there. The light went off and a civilian, Nurko, who was repairing arms, came to me, led me to the hangar and raped me.

On 15 June 1992, 13 Serbs from Donje Selo were killed by a shell in the sports hall at Konjic where they had been detained: **Velimir Ćećez** (1952), **Vlado Ćećez** (1950), **Miloš Ćećez** (1950), **Dušan Ćećez** (1952), **Pero Ćećez** (1964), **Mirko Ćećez** (1952 or 1953), **Predrag Kuljanin** (1965 or 1966), **Tihomir Kuljanin** (1959), **Rade Ninković** (I think he was born in 1949, but I am not sure), **Mirko Ninković** (1963), **Stevo Ninković** (app. 1968), **Novica Živak** (1966 or 1967), **Željko Ćećez** (1966) who was killed at Čelebići, but were not buried in the cemetery, but around houses. The Muslims from Prevalj, a Muslim village, shelled the hall. I told him all this, I cried, but Nurko raped me all the same. Then he drove me back to the room and they didn't rape me any more. M.A. was taken away several times by Azem Delić, who kept her for himself and didn't let anybody else touch her.

In July 1992, the Muslims brought 5 women from Žukići to the camp and among them was a girl aged 13, whom Delić had tried to rape, but was prevented by Pavo Mucić, the prison commander, who came from Konjic to save her. The women were beaten severely, even the girl was beaten by truncheons and kicked all over. The following morning, Pavo appeared at the door to ask how they were, and they did not know why they were beaten. He asked the girl: "Were you afraid, dear?" and she answered: "Of course I was". They were released on his intercession, he himself drove them away: he took the girl to Konjic to her relatives, while the women were killed. They were killed by a Muslim, Redžo Balić, of Bale near Bradina: **Sofija Djordjić** (aged app. 65), **Andja Djordjić** (aged 45), **Mara** (an elderly woman) and **Jelenko Djordjić** (aged app. 47). His two sons remained in the camp. I would like to point out that people from Zukići were not armed. I heard that from M.A. and also from the Muslim guard.

During my stay in the camp I watched the Serbs who were tortured by the Muslims. I watched the "Devetka" tunnel at Bradina, I watched the Muslims take the Serbs out, line them against the wall where they had to stand for hours with their hands up, they sat for hours in cold rain, soaking wet, and they were forced to sing and learn the Koran. Those who didn't know the Koran were beaten. I watched them beat and kill **Slavko Šušić** (aged 40), a teacher. Delić was beating him on the back with a stick until he was almost dead and fell on the road, while Delić continued

to kick him. They accused him of having a radio station which he didn't have, but he was guilty of being a prominent Serb. 17 Serbs died from beatings, as far as I know, they were: **Pero Mrkajić** (aged 60) of Bradina, **Simo Jovanović** of Ibar (aged 50), **Čedo Avramović** (born in 1949), a teacher, and a few Serbs of Bjelovčina, a few of Bradina whose names I don't know, but I knew them by sight.

Representatives of the ICRC came to the Čelebići detention camp several times, but they always hid us women from them. I don't know whether they hid men too. We were not allowed to go out or to appear at the window, but I saw it was the ICRC when they were leaving. Once I addressed them, and it was only then that they heard about us and they registered my name and M.A. as well. Shortly after this we were released on 31 August 1992.

After the visits by the ICRC representatives, men were beaten to death because they spoke of their torture by the Muslims. They strewed **Nedeljko Draganić's** legs with gunpowder, a Serb (aged 17), set him on fire and pressed a hot knife against his body, so that it was full of scars, but he was eventually released. They put a red-hot knife on the body of **Spasa Miljević**, a Serb of Konjic, and scorched him; **Dušan**, a Serb taxi driver from Bjelovčani, was also scorched with a knife; some like **Branko Gotovac** (1937), of Vinište, for example, got hernia of hard labour. I saw all this because I was near the camp. Srdja, a Serb of Bradina, had his arm broken; Sava Djordjić had his left ear cut off; Nedjo Kuljanin had his little finger cut off, etc. I watched Serbs walking on crutches, with bandaged arms and heads, exhausted and massacred. Whenever a car came over to pick up a killed Serb, Muslims would say that he died of diabetes, from hunger-strike, of heart attack. They said Žarko Mrkajić was strangled by Slavko Šušić, though I saw that Azem Delić killed him.

My husband was hiding at Donje Selo, but during my stay in the Muslim camp, I knew nothing about him. When I returned to the village on 31 August 1992, my brother-in-law told me that my son had left for the Serb territory on 30 August 1992. I was surprised to see my brother-in-law there, but he told me that my husband had left a week before and that our son went along with him. My brother-in-law's children were hiding around the house and on 29 September 1992 they set for the Serb territory along the

Neretva river, towards the village of Bijela. On 22/23 August 1992, my husband was killed as he stepped on a land mine. Our son managed to reach the Serb territory. My brother-in-law's children were killed on 2/3 September 1992. We heard of their death only on 5 September 1992. A Muslim, Jasna Džumur, president of the State Commission for Prisoners at Konjic came to me accompanied by four Muslim soldiers, asking me to join them and identify the corpses. I didn't want to, but they forced me. My brother-in-law's children R.Ć.(1964) and R.Ć. (1965) were recognizable; but my husband's corpse was disfigured. It was black, but they had taken out everything they could from the head: the eyes, the ears, the brains, everything. I hardly recognized him. On Monday, 7 September 1992, they allowed us to bury the brother-in-law's children. My husband's corpse was given to me only on 18 September 1992, thanks to a Croat, Zdenko Šagolj "Pisak", who said they had to release the body for the sake of humanity. We buried him near the brother-in-law's house.

Somehow, I managed to flee the Muslim territory, so the children and I are now in the Serb-held territory. We lost everything, but we have to live on. My only hope are the children.

Belgrade, 7 January 1993

DEPOSITION TAKEN BY:
Ksenija Lukić (Sgd.)

DEPOSITION MADE BY:
G.Ć. (Sgd.)

The original deposition is kept in the files of the Serb Council Information Centre: Rape - Herzegovina.

SERBIAN COUNCIL
INFORMATION CENTRE

O.G., born in Vukovar on 20 October 1940, from Vukovar, made, on 20 February 1992 in Belgrade the following

DEPOSITION

I was seriously wounded by a grenade in my house in Vukovar on 23 October 1991 and was transferred to the Vukovar Hospital. My husband V.G. was also in the Hospital with me. I was hospitalized for about eight days. While I was there, my bed was in the corridor of the Internal Medicine Ward. Since both I and my husband had been employed in the Hospital for a long time, we knew all its staff. The conduct of the medical staff towards me as a patient with serious wounds was extremely bad. Surgeons hardly bothered to bandage my wounds. I found T.J. and his wife V. in the Hospital. They were our neighbours and we knew them well. T. was seriously wounded; his right leg was amputated below his knee. V. confided in me that some wounded Serbs from the Hospital who were to be discharged disappeared overnight. She mentioned no names, but since her husband T. was in the Hospital basement she went to see him and knew it. Members of the Croatian National Guard armed with rifles kept coming to the Hospital. Whenever they came, they saluted Dr Vesna Bosanac and Dr Juro Njavro with two raised fingers. On 30 October 1991 in the evening, the head nurse Binazija Kolesar, aka "Biba", told me that I had to leave the Hospital and that I would be transferred to the "Komerc" shelter at the "Borovo" combine. I was a patient with serious wounds on the head, the back and the spine - and was surprised that they forced me to go there. I begged them to keep me in the Hospital until the following day. Dr Jagetic came and I asked to be transferred to the basement where my husband was, but he told me that it was not possible. He went to see Dr Vesna Bosanac, came back and told me that both I and my husband V. were to be transferred to the "Komerc" shelter in the morning.

Next morning, about seven of us were transferred to the "Komerc" shelter: I, my husband V., T.J. and his wife V., V.V. and two women, most of them Serbs.

When we came to "Komerc", its commander was a man called "Brko", a dark man, who was there only two days and then disappeared. He

took our names. He was with a man called "Gagi" who was about 30 years of age, brown-skinned, his hair was cut short, he wore an earring in one ear and had three lines shaved along both sides of the head above the ears. He had a gun and wore a camouflage uniform. In that shelter, there were many ZNG (Croatian National Guard) members, mostly wounded, two or three women in uniforms and about 30 Serb men and women, most of them wounded. We had to keep mum. We were not allowed to say a word. "Gagi" yelled at us, while he treated others nicely.

Martin Sablic was also in the shelter; he came two days after our transfer. "Gagi" convened a meeting and told us that there would be some changes and that from that moment on Martin Sablic would be the commander in charge of civilians and he, "Gagi", would be the commander of the ZNG.

Bartul Domazet was also at the "Komerc"; he had come from the Hospital. He was wounded. Once, he yelled at T.J. and said that Cetnik nests were being created there and that Cetniks were taking the places of the combatants who should be treated there instead. T. kept silent, without a word.

Occasionally Lalosav Bosanac, Dr Vesna Bosanac's husband, came to the shelter. He was the commander of the entire "Borovo" combine and all were subordinated to him, including Martin Sablic. Beside them, Arvaj Karcika made himself very busy, too, in the shelter: he ran errands for Martin and "Gagi", always driving things and people to and fro.

On 4 November 1991, Sinisa Vlaisavljevic, a youth from Preradoviceva ulica in Vukovar, whose father was a butcher, was taken out from the "Komerc" shelter. Sinisa had been wounded, had been in the Hospital and was a Serb. "Gagi" came for him and they drove him away somewhere; he never returned and I do not know what happened to him.

On 5 November 1991, "Gagi" came with two ZNG MPs and asked for T.; they asked him where his son was. He told them that his son was in Osijek, that he had a job there. "Gagi" told him that he would show him a film so that he would see where his son was, adding that he was taking the place of the guards. After that, "Gagi" and the two guards left. T. said he had a premonition, that something was going to happen that night, that he was going to go that night, that he would not survive. We all cried since we all slept in the same room.

On 5 November 1991, "Gagi" came over and asked where my husband V. was. When he found him he told him to come with him; V. left with him and another man was immediately brought to his bed. I begged him to tell me where my husband was and he told me he did not know. Since I cried and asked for my husband, Dr Kuzmanovic whispered to me that he was in the Vukovar prison together with V.V. and another man who was taken away from the shelter on that day, more precisely night; so, all three of them were taken away from the shelter.

We were not allowed to talk to each other, we were under constant surveillance; the Croats whom we knew well avoided us, gave us a wide berth.

On 6 November 1991, T.J. was taken away from the "Komerc" shelter; "Gagi" came for him and took him away. T.J. went on crutches. All the time while men were taken away, Martin Sablic was in the shelter and knew what was going on. However, he did not appear when these men were taken away, only "Gagi" came. T.J. never returned and we did not know what happened to him. It was said for "Gagi" that he was from Sinj and that he lived somewhere in Jarvina or at a nearby village.

After T.J. was taken away, I and V. were alone. On 7 November 1991 in the morning, Ana Lukic came to the "Komerc" shelter. She was a colleague of mine and a family friend. She and her husband Bogdan worked in the Hospital. She told me that she came during the night around 2 a.m., that she had had to flee from the basement where she had hid for a month since she had been raped on that night by a guardsman who kept on coming to the basement on several previous nights threatening to kill her. She told me that she had begged him not to do that saying that she could be his mother and that he replied that he could not care less and had raped her. So, she ran away from the basement and came to the "Komerc" shelter. There, she was interrogated by a Bozo, from the military police, a blondine (she was in charge of all lists) and Arvaj Karcika. She confided to them that she had been raped since they thought she was a spy. They told her that she had to report to Martin Sablic and she did so in the morning. She knew Sablic well since they were neighbours. She was afraid of Martin very much and kept on telling me that he would kill her.

On 7 November 1991 in the evening, we were transferred from the "Komerc" to the "Nova Obucara" shelter. Martin Sablic also came to the

new shelter as its commander. Bartul Domazet also came over and the two of them were in charge and decided everything in the shelter. They were joined by a guardsman called "Siptar" who was always armed: he had a knife, an axe, bombs, a rifle. He wore a black pointed hat and a black jacket. He kept on yelling around the shelter "a bullet in the head, a bullet in the head". Martin constantly toured the shelter, just watching and without saying a word. I, V. and Ana were in a compartment, close to each other, and were not allowed to go anywhere. The guard in the shelter was Franjo Bauer and his wife Violeta who made some lists and distributed food. Stipo Kovacevic from Bogdanovci, who tortured us, was also there. Sablic and Bartol had guns. On 16 or 17 November 1991 between 8 p.m. and 9 p.m., Martin Sablic, Bartol Domazet, "Siptar", Stipo Kovacevic and Franjo Bauer and two ZNG MPs came to our compartment. Sablic said that our compartment would be searched, they were looking for arms or knives. He turned to the three of us, pointed at each one of us and ordered a thorough search.

We were searched by Franjo Bauer, Domazet, "Siptar", Kovacevic and two MPs. They searched us three times and each time Martin ordered them to search us again. When they found nothing, Martin said: "Now, I will search". Martin searched Ana himself. He searched her thoroughly, sat and watched her cynically. Ana was afraid. My and V.'s things were not searched so thoroughly. As he searched Ana, Martin found four soldier's books (belonging to her husband and sons), two passports and two or three savings books. When he found all this, he asked her where her husband and sons were; he told her that her husband was shooting at them. Ana told him that they were all in Subotica. He saw from the savings book that the money had been withdrawn about a month before. Since the book was in her husband's name, he accused her of hiding him, that the book was an evidence. She told him that she herself had withdrawn the money and he asked her where her authorization was; she told him she did not have one since she knew a teller in the bank who gave her the money. He did not believe her. He told her that they suspected that she wanted to run away. Bauer added that she should be ashamed of keeping the soldier's books, that he himself was ashamed that he had been a soldier and he had burned his own soldier's book. All the time during the search, "Siptar" stood next to

Martin and watched. Bartul would come and go, watching the search. Then, Sablic looked at "Siptar" asking him: "Did you take away the goods?" "Siptar" answered: "Yes, everything is OK". Sablic watched Ana cynically and said: "There will be more".

I was interrogated by Sablic who asked me where my husband was, whether I was from a prominent Vukovar family, he told me he knew where my husband worked.

When the guardsman found her husband's passport, her passport and a photo of her son in military uniform on V. they said: "Good God, this is T.J.'s wife!" Martin inspected them. He gave soldier's books and passports to MPs telling them that they belonged to them. He turned to V. and Ana and told them: "You and you, pack your things", pointing his finger at Ana and V. He ordered me to go to bed. I was all bandaged, my head was all bandaged, too. Then, "Siptar" took Ana and V. towards the exit in the corridor. After some time, I asked a woman to go and see where they were. She told me they were sitting at the shelter door. **After one hour and a half, "Siptar" brought back Ana and V. to our compartment, but he kept a close eye on them all along. Then firemen came to the entrance door to fill the water reservoir; when they finished their work, "Siptar" signalled with his head to Ana and V. to get up and come with him. They left and never returned. I saw Ana and V. never again. They took their personal belongings with them.**

Immediately before the surrender, a young blonde went from compartment to compartment for two successive evenings and read lists of people. She read out the names of people and said that if some of the roll-called did not get out into the corridor they would be immediately killed including those who knew them and did not report them. One evening, they read out a list of 15 people and took them away from the shelter. Among others, there were the names of Uros Neducic of Lusac, an Ostojic; I concluded they were all Serbs by their names and surnames. The following evening, they read out six or seven names and took the people away from the shelter. Part of a group was taken to the dining room, it appeared to be a large group, where they were interrogated. I did not venture to go out, no one was allowed to leave the compartments, so I did not see who they were. I knew their names then, but I cannot remember them now. One evening

before the surrender, Martin Sablic and Bartul came and demanded that all should give their HDZ insignia, membership cards and all other emblems. They pulled down the Croatian flag at the entrance and filled a bag with insignia and documents. They took it all with them. After 10 minutes, all who wore uniforms changed into civilian clothes, mostly into blue workers' overalls.

Among the people I saw in the shelter was also Jure Marusic whom I knew as a blood donor. He had always been messing around the shelter yelling, always in touch with Sablic, in and out from his compartment where they met. An armed young plump woman with guardsmen used also to come to Sablic's compartment; they were looking for people to take away to the front. I do not know whom they led away, I was not allowed to leave my compartment, but they always did that hurriedly and in a great panic. Once someone fired a shot in the corridor as they picked up the people. I don't know who fired.

O.G. (Signed)

Note: Ana Lukic was killed (confirmed by her husband).

Documentation in the Serbian Council Information Centre, file: Vukovar.